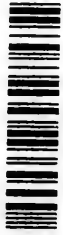
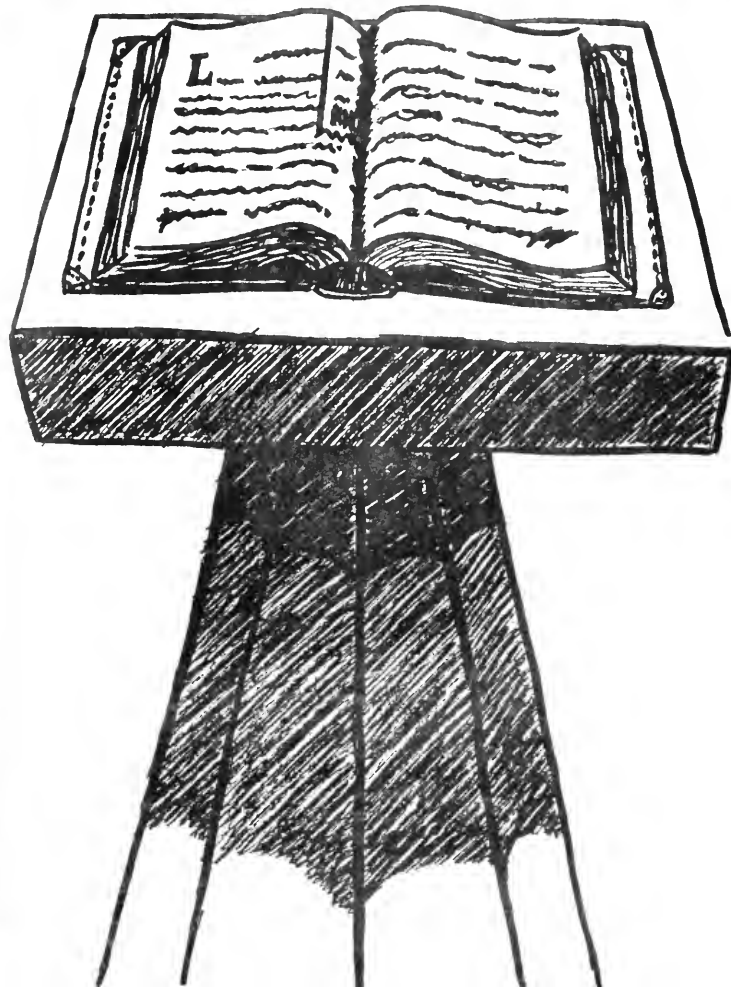


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A GLANCE WITHIN



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Intimate Insights



THE CAT

BY

SUSAN BRADLEY

A cat is so sweet,
I have two.
I love to touch their little feet,
Each eye green or blue.

The sound of their purr,
Is so soft and sweet,
Just like their fur,

They run, prance, and bounce,
Curl up in little balls,
When they only weigh an ounce,
Wobble, jiggle and then fall.

That's their funniest, cutest stage,
Then I'll get another kitten,
Including a cage.

Like Children

By

Tina Blevins

The way you love me is
warmer than the sun against my face.
Knowing your touch,
and when you're close,
I can feel your breath
against my face.
The warmth from your body,
chills me within.
When we're together,
I forget where I begin,
and you end.
When we started,
we were like children,
not knowing where we were going,
or exactly what it was we had.
Now that I know what I have with you,
I would never want to find the way back without you!

The Pages of My Mind

By

Eddie Estrada

This day will last forever
in the pages of my mind,
This time will live forever
Because in my heart you'll find
The love I feel for you my friend,
I'll cherish throughout my life,
I want you to know I'll miss you,
But your memory will forever remain
In the pages of my mind.
We shared laughter and tears,
we've made each other smile,
and I'll remember you,
no matter how far the mile.
You are so special to me,
and keep this thought in mind,
That you will forever remain,
in the pages of my mind.

TIME'S TOLL

BY

SEQUOIA JOHNSON

The twinkle in
Your green eyes
Always have me mesmerized.
The way your
Lips smile away
Keeps me coming
Back everyday.
The sincerity in
Your voice that night
Had me glowing
So very bright.
The finger you
Point in my face,
Makes me feel
It was all a waste.



WITH OR WITHOUT

By

Dennis Mata

*From the beginning of your intimate love,
You were lying face down in a puddle of blood.
Drowning in confusion and fear,
Anger and hatred are now clear.
It's known how to kill for generations long past,
It will never die, for the memories will last
In the minds of the young forever to come.
The future will pay for all that is done,
It feels no pity and feels no remorse,
Executing punishment with extreme force,
Not caring who's dying or caring who's dead,
Putting clouded thoughts into peoples' heads.
The minds then snap and become insane
With or without love, you still have the pain.*

A YOUNG WIFE

--by Michelle Garza

The pain of loving you
Is almost more than I can bear.

I walk in fear of losing you.
The darkness stands up where you stand
And I can see the night come through
Your eyes when you stare at me.

Ah, never did I see
The shadow that lives in you.

The pain of loving you
Is almost more than I can bear.

Oh, and when I'm with you
I can dance and sing,
But I can't lift my eyes from the shadow
That lives in you.

Like the soothing in a shell,
It is death still soothing where
The wild flower shakes its bell
And the sky lark twinkles blue.

The pain of a young wife,
The pain of loving you
Is almost more than I can bear!



ALONE

BY

NICOLE MATSUTANI

I am all alone.

No one understands me,

no one cares for me.

My soul is dying.

I am not what you thought.

I am one, and I am all alone.

My soul died and was reborn.

It is an endless cycle of life and death,

I am reborn and free.

Free as a bird, but

now I am trapped like a caged bird again.

I feel so trapped that

I cannot hear myself sing.

When will I be free again?

These bars seem so permanent.

The days seem so endless,

and life so meaningless.

Cliff Burton

BY

JASON DORAMUS

He was the best bass player in his day.
When he got on the stage, he played his
instrument with rage.

When the people arrived,

Of happiness they'd be deprived.

And soon his life had ended on Earth and on stage.

FAMILY MADNESS

BY

JILL MASON

Jill, who loves to drive,
Her life a road of discoveries.
Always gets her family mad,
Their lives are a road to recovery.

Hunger

By

Rachel Cullar

*She eats to feed the hunger inside her soul.
She eats because that's all she knows how to do.
There is an empty void within her she must fill.
She eats and eats and wonders why she can't be pretty, too.*

*Food is what keeps her sane.
She continues to feed her pain.*

*She wonders where her sanity has gone.
She eats to heal the vast wounds inside of her.
Eating makes her feel better for short whiles,
But the pain is still there, of that she's sure.*

*Food is what keeps her sane.
She continues to feed her pain.*

I'M DEAD

BY

HEIDI MEINECKE

I was once a child,
Trapped in the adult world.
I was alone,
Yet, then my life unfurled.

I never asked to be born,
So you can't hold that against me.
Yet, if you look at what I've become,
You'll find there's more hidden than you can see.

I left a childhood of pain,
I changed the course of my life,
I took the road that I now follow,
I'm the one who deals with my strife.

No one takes away my pain,
I live the way I was taught,
I'm the one known for living today,
And I earned everything for which I've fought.

My writing has impressed so many,
My pen has crossed my page with such grace,
Yet you'd never see the feeling I have,
By the simple expression on my face.

I started writing at a fairly young age,
And my poems were filled with much pain,
Yet through my time of developing,
I've been able to erase some of the stain.

So, if I should die tomorrow,
Please shed no tears for what's done.
Because there can be no one like me,
And my life, I've always made fun!.....

IT'S A SHAME

-- by Dennis Mata

In the game life is hard,
You strive to live and your life becomes scarred,
You worry constantly when you'll die,
When you lose a close friend all that you can do is cry,
An' pour a forty ounce on the block,
We live in violence it will never stop,
Livin' in hate out on the streets,
Packing a gun just to make ends meet,
Watching your back like a common reflex,
Trying to impress to earn the respect
Of fellow victims living in pain,
Your mind then snaps from constant strain,
Never quite knowing when the time will come,
Your only friend becomes your gun,
It's all that you have living in hate,
You had better get out before it's too late,
You need to leave the violence where it is kept,
But if you're ready to die then you've taken a step
Closer to the finer things in life,
You fear no longer so you live what's right,
When you lose your fears you open a new route,
The peace from within has a chance to reach out
To the other scarred victims in the same game,
Violence rules our world and it's a shame.

THE LADY

BY

KATRINA ROBINSON

She sat calmly, quietly, sipping her cup of coffee. Where had all the time gone, she had often wondered. Like sand slipping away through her dainty fingers, time had slipped away from her. So much she had wanted to do, so little she had actually done. It depressed her, and her being alone with no one to talk to depressed her even more. Time she knew now, was meant to be pondered and savored, yet those lessons were often learned the hard way. And so she learned the hard way...

Remembering back to the days of her joys, the days when she knew how to laugh, smile, and have fun, she slipped into a daydream of her childhood. A little girl about five or six, chasing a golden butterfly, never seeming to quite catch it, but would continue to chase it anyways. The little girl would fill the grassy backyard with sunshine and play. What expression was it that she remembered on the small child's face? Was it a smile? The word seemed oblivious to her. A smile seemed almost extinct, no longer did it cross her face or fill her heart with happiness.

Until then, her life was full of games, family, friends; to now, all that had made her life joyful had faded away. The fun, the friends, and the games during her childhood, like the smile on her face, had all faded away, disappeared. Almost automatically after...

It ashamed her that once so free and happy her life was now dark, silent, and sunken into depth of depression and sorrow. The depth she has condemned herself to was for eternity. Too hard for her to get out, and the strength she hadn't owned anymore to free herself from her sunken depth.

The tears poured from her face. Streams of her pain flowed down her pale cheeks. She did nothing to stop her emotional outburst. She just sat in her loneliness of the abandoned diner and wept. The painful memories came rushing back to her, rushing to her like an ocean wave toppling over her, and the memories did topple over her.

It was another sunny day in a large grassy backyard. The day was spent chasing a bumble bee, although the little girl never thought that she would actually catch it and be stung. Her palm was red and swollen. One single tear drop was shed for the sting she had received. It amazed her that something so frail and tiny could inflict so much pain upon an unhurting hand. The little girl wiped away the tear drop from the corner of her eye. Never again, she thought, will I ever play with that yellow bug! The little girl stood to her feet. She looked to the side of her and noticed a tiny bumble bee prancing around on the petals of a daisy in the garden bed. She pulled her throbbing hand in close to her chest, as if sheltering it away from the stinging beast. The girl ran to the spacious patio that accompanied the backyard. She searched frantically for a weapon to protect herself from the inharmonious bumble bee. She found a suitable protection, a rolled up newspaper. She walked to the daisy in which the bumble bee drank heavily of its pollen. The bee seemed to be drunk with the flower's substance, and it appeared to be happy and gay. She thought that was the way she had felt before the little varmint had popped her bubble with its razor sharp needle point. She tip-toed to the beast's side, so close, practically on top of it; she raised her unharmed hand above the drunk bee. In her hand she held the newspaper, and swiftly brought the newspaper down on top of the unaware victim.

Serves you right, she thought. She too, so frail and tiny, can inflict pain upon an unhurting hand. • Never again will she trust any stingers, anyone that would harm her, never again she thought.

A thunder bolt of lightning, blazed the sky and sent a crash of noise across the world. The alarming noise jerked the saddened lady from her nightmare of a daydream. Thick, wondrous drops of rain came pounding and crashing against the small diner's windows. She gazed outside the window, knowing that the raindrops and thunder bolts were for her. A cloud of darkness has always hung over her head, ever since that one dreadful day where her sunny days fell apart on top of her, burying her happiness and childhood alive.

She never thought that she would again trust another stinger of any kind, but she was wrong, so wrong.

She sank back into her tear drop world, remembering the real pain of her life. She was nearly 18 years old, and a full

grown lady, prim and proper. She remembered the frown, the deathly frown on her face, and she remembered the dozens of painful tears. The tears soaked her pillow, acting like a sponge soaking up water. The tears she had shed were for the sting of her lover. Like a blade jabbed deep into her back, was her lover's sharp sting jabbed deep into her heart. She had loved him with all her heart and soul, and so she thought he had returned her love. She never thought that he would dump her for her better looking friend. They had been seeing each other for over a year, and all of the sudden she had felt the pierce of her lover's sting. It hit her like the lightning outside the window.

After her lover broke her heart he shattered her trust in everyone. She pulled away from the world. She entered a life of her own self-pity and pain. The lady locked up her heart and threw away the key, building an invisible yet strong wall around herself. She became a prisoner of her fears of the stinging beasts, (man & animal alike.)

So closed in she was, she was untouchable. Very lonely, in a small dinner, wasting away her time as well as her life.

LADY IN WAITING

BY

SEQUOIA JOHNSON

A tear rolled down her soft cheek as she sat alone in the dining area of the subway. The loud noises of the train echoed around her fragile frame and had sent her into a state of depression. Her melancholy emerald eyes looked down at her small, delicate hands. The steam from the Cafe Mocha in front of her tickled her nose playfully. She closed her eyes to send her on a trip. A trip to the beginning; to the reason why she was there.

The breeze from the coast had fingered her short, blonde hair. With her hat in one hand, swinging gently by her side, she walked slowly up the stone path to the door. Butterflies fluttered around in her stomach as she brought her dainty fist to the door and knocked quickly. The door opened abruptly, and a tall man towered above her.

"Tirena?" a deep voice boomed.

"Hello, yes," she answered.

"Come in," he commanded her and opened the door wider.

She remembered the dark redwood hallways, smelling like pine. Old men stood confidently in the pictures lurking on the walls, arrogantly staring down deep into her soul. Following the man, she kept her face solemn.

A striking figure stood at the end of the hallway. Tirena remembered her hesitance as she approached him. With his

large hand outstretched, his smooth voice rolled out, "Hello. I'm Mr. Cooper. Tirenna, I assume."

"Hello, yes," Tirenna repeated and beamed as his hand enveloped hers.

A booming voice bellowed out, "Center City Station, next stop." Startled, Tirenna's hat toppled upon her head. A few people had entered the area during her daydream. One cute couple sat privately in a dark corner. The woman was dressed like Tirenna: a simple cotton dress that firmly hugged her figure, showing off the curves she proudly owned, a long worn coat, and a small elegant hat. The man that accompanied the young lady was dressed in a sophisticated suit, and his tan, most likely from the sunny Virginia shores, gave him a rich glow. Their giggling pierced her heart.

"What a childhood!" William exclaimed, remarking on a story Tirenna had just shared.

If only he knew. If only she could make him understand that when her papa played those games, he was drunk. And when Papa was drunk, he was cruel and violent. Tirenna had never had the pleasures William had growing up. Her life was full of painful secrets and horrid nightmares.

"Tirenna?" The shadow on her face lifted, and she forced a smile to paint her lips.

"Oh, it is a beautiful day, William," she sighed.

"Tomorrow is the garden party. You will be joining me, of course?"

Tirenna smiled a drunken smile. She knew how much she loved William, and last night, he expressed his passionate

feelings towards her. No longer just his maid, Tirena felt that perhaps some day they may marry, and her life would finally be the fairy tale she had been dreaming of all her life.

"Of course."

The next day was more exquisite than the day before. The sun explored every crevice of the mammoth Cooper Estate, showering it with brilliant light. Smiles masked every guest's face, and they all gaily chatted with one another about the wonderful day and Tirena.

Everyone knew she wasn't of rich blood and high breeding. Wasn't she the maid? A simple commoner indeed. Oh who did she think she was? Here at the estate, parading around as though she were more than the maid, better than a maid.

Tirena was shrewd enough to acknowledge and understand their thinking. She was wise enough to keep her smile from fading when she walked by the swarms of whispers that transformed into giggles behind her back. .

The lovely day began to drag on as Tirena felt lonely. Not since the beginning of the party had Tirena seen William. Worried, anxious, and a bit weary of wearing her mask, Tirena casually searched for her future husband. Since he was no where outside, she decided he must be in the house. No where inside, she stepped into the warmth of the afternoon sun and continued outside.

Down by the private lake, there was a hidden garden. Tirena had sat on the marble stone just the night before last. Her eyes had twinkled as she stared into the handsome face of William Edward Cooper III; the richest, sexiest, and, she thought, the most romantic man in Virginia. Her bright eyes sparkled even more while William held her hand and said he loved her.

A female's coquettish laugh escaped from the bushes in

front of her. The present Tirena trembled slightly, remembering that horrid moment as her gloved hand pushed back the blossom and found Amanda Vivian Oxford underneath William Edward Cooper III.

An exasperated, pained gasp left Tirena's pink lips as she turned around and fled. Leaving behind the calls of unfaithful William and Amanda. Leaving behind her shattered dreams.

Tirena looked up at the couple. They were silent while they ate their dinner. Tirena remembered running to the house and throwing all her clothes in a bag before leaving behind the place where her dreams had bloomed and wilted away. She ran through the dark blankets of fog that had rolled in after sunset. She ran all the way to the station.

Tirena was a small woman with big dreams. Time had shown her the difficulties of life. Tirena sat in the dining area all night on her way to a new place. She sat there, waiting for her new dreams to begin.

THE LONELY LADY

BY

EDDIE ORTEGA

Elizabeth has had a rough life beginning with being abandoned by her mother when she was only 6 years old. She then went to an orphanage until the age of 18, the age at which the orphanage would no longer keep her. The day of Beth's eighteenth birthday, she woke up to some very surprising news.

The day began as a normal routine day. All the girls in the orphanage got up and made their beds, took their showers, and went down to the breakfast table to start off the day. Beth went downstairs and found her best friend Janel . They found their place to sit and got in line for breakfast. The Dean of the orphanage came downstairs and said the usual morning announcements and told everyone what was going to happen that day. Then she announced that one of the girls was going to have to leave because of her age ,and she was not able to stay there anymore. Everyone was really astonished to hear that because it was not very often someone stayed there until

they had to get kicked out. Instantly Beth knew it was her, and she silently got up and went to her room to get all her things together. Of course , her friend Janel followed her to her room and gave her some words of encouragement. They said their goodbyes, hugged, and Janel told Beth that if she ever got out of this place with a good family, she would go find her and help Beth find a place to live. Beth just sat there with a smile and one lonely tear running down her face. Then the Dean called for her and said that the taxi was there to take her to town and wished her luck.

When Beth finally got to town, she didn't know what to do with herself. She had never been to town before, and she didn't know what to do. As she got out of the cab she saw an old cafe with a sign that read, "coffee five cents." She walked in and ordered a cup of coffee and sat down at a table in the corner and thought about what she was going to do with the rest of her life.

MY HOMELAND

By

Baraa Al-Safi

The night so still
Has a sudden change of destruction.
Innocent cries of rage and fear
Can be heard throughout the night so near.
My head is bursting
While my heart is dying
All in my homeland.

Part of me is living here
In warmth and with comfort.
I've only seen half the horror
The other part of me is being bombed.
Living in the cold
Living with the fear and with hopelessness
All in my homeland.

What has this world come to?
Aren't we all "God's children"?
There doesn't seem to be anything more to look forward to
But there isn't much that I can do.
Can't accept the deaths
Can't help them either
It's still dark
And I'm still lost, angry, and afraid
All in my homeland.

PREJUDICE

--by Jeni Kornhauser

I saw an awful face
That makes fun of people's race.
I see different crowds of fights
That break out all night.
I hear the sounds of guns
That make everybody run.
I see people getting killed
And some think it's a big thrill.
I hear all the screams of people
Piercing throughout the dead still night air.
All the shots that make people frightened
They look out the window and think they saw lightning.
They wonder about this in their head
And all of this only
Because people are prejudice.

TEARDROPS/RAINDROPS

BY

Katrina Robinson

Pouring down from the source,
pierces all hearts with remorse.
Love to cure the pain to heal,
won't stop the pain's ill will.

Rolling down a rosy cheek,
tear drops are the pain one doesn't seek.
Falling down a cloudy sky,
rain drops are the angels who cry.

Tear drops fall,
painfull for all.
Rain drops hail,
the greif that assails.

Loving then and loving now,
didn't stop the rain drops/tear drops no how.
Time is the only cure to heal,
the rain drops/tear drops ill will.

Reflections In The



THE BEACH
BY
SARAH FUHRER

Today is gray.
We watch the seals,
While near the bay,
We kick our heels.

The sand is white.
The tide is low.
The sun is bright.
The breeze is slow.

The clouds are high.
The sea is clean,
Blue as the sky.
The birds are seen.

The sand is clear.
We have no fear.



CHILDREN TODAY

BY

LEA FUSSELL

Children today need support.
They need love from parents.
A lot of parents don't care about their child or children.
That's why most children end up dead,
Or on the streets in a gang.

Children are our future.
Even if we don't know them.

We all must believe in them,
Care for them, and bring them joy.
They deserve a great life,
And a chance to get a great education.

The children are our future,
So let's keep them off the streets,
So our grandchildren can have a great future.



FROM THE WOLF'S POINT OF VIEW: LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

BY

KATRINA ROBINSON

Okay, I'm the wolf out of the story "The little Red Riding Hood." You see I'm not as big and bad as the story makes me out to be. I'm really just a plain ordinary wolf. In order for you to see what I'm trying to say, I'll have to explain MY side of the story...

Imagine it, it was another hot day in July. I was taking a stroll deep in the forest. Walking along minding my own business. It was a peaceful walk, until this red headed shrimp named Red stopped me. She asked me if I knew where she could pick some flowers for her poor sick Grandmary. So, like the gentleman I am, I told her where she could possibly find a beautiful assortment.

When Red had left me to look for the flowers, I returned to my little walk. Then that same Red came up to me again! She solumnly tugged on my tail and asked me if I knew where her poor sick GrandMary lived. Since there was only one cottage in the entire forest, it didn't take a genius to know where her GrandMary was. I politely pointed to the cottage which was mounted on a hill top and *shhhed* Red along.

With Red gone, I was able to walk in peace for once. My stomach rumbled and let out a loud roar as the beast inside my stomach told me it was time for lunch. And sure enough, I looked at my watch, and it read 12:00. Well with my little humble cave, which I call home, being all the way on the other side of the forest, I thought that Red's GrandMary wouldn't mind just one more for lunch. So I began walking up the hill towards poor sick GrandMary's house.

The beast in my stomach began to growl louder, as I finally reached the little cottage after what seemed like forever, I knocked on Red's GrandMary's door for a while. When the old lady finally answered the door, she was not at all nice to me. In fact, I thought her to be very rude. I don't understand why she was like that. I was being as polite as I could be, begging her to let me in and telling her that I was starving. She freaked and started running around the room screaming help. I tried to calm her down, but I couldn't get a word in edge-wise, not to mention her running around the room didn't help me calm her down either. There was only one thing to do, and that was to catch her and calmly talk to her and get her pulse down to a normal level, so I started to chase her only so I could catch her. After running a few lapses around the room, I had finally caught her. She responded to me with a swift kick. All right, I thought, that was uncalled for. I was madder than I had ever been in my life. She returned to her childish ways and continued running around the room. Well, it didn't seem like I could calm her down. Her yelling was giving me

a splitting headache, I HAD to do something. There was nothing left for me to do, so I ate her. I didn't want to eat her, but I really had no choice, it was out of my hands.

I rubbed my well stuffed tummy when I heard a knock at the door. I looked through the key hole and saw Red standing there. I was panic-stricken. All that went through my mind, was the fact that I didn't want to get in trouble for my actions. I jumped into GrandMary's closet and threw on a flanel gown and a night cap, I had been transformed into a Mock-GrandMary. I hopped into bed and pulled the comforter over as much of my big swelled tummy as I could.

In a scratchy voice I yelled, "Why, come in Red, you little angel."

Red slowly opened the door and put her head in first to make sure her entrance was approved. I remembered that I was to be sick, so I flashed a weary smile to her and asked her to come in. Red ran up to my bedside and flung her arms around me embracing me with a annoying little hug. "Not too close dear," I whispered, "I wouldn't want you to get sick."

Red smiled sheepishly as she backed away. Her eyes began to look funny, as though she could look right through me. Her face was consumed with a concentrated glare. Her eyes grew with great surprise, and she spoke, "Why, GrandMary, what big eyes you have."

Shocked and scared that she had noticed, I gave her a quick response, "The better to see you with my silly child."

"Why, Grandmary, what big ears you have."

"The better to hear you with, you suspicious little dear."

Her eyes were on fire, and her face twisted in horror, "Why, GrandMary, what big TEETH you have!"

All right that was truly uncalled for! That little brat just sat there critiquing my looks, like she was a major prize herself. My stomach began to roar with hunger, and my mind was turning saying to me, "Eat the brat!" So I listened to my tummy and that little voice in the back of my mind, and ate her.

My tummy was satisfied; I thought to myself, what a good meal. Patting my round belly I realized that meal had been too good. Sure enough some hunter guy walked into the picture like some kind of Rambo. He broke down the door with a powerful thrust, cut open my stomach, rescued my lunch, and left me for dead. I lay there pretending to be dead while I watched my lunch, get up and walk away scott free! When that Rambo guy had left the building, I got up and cursed the living daylights at him (well to his back at least,) I studied my tummy now, not at all fat, but oh-so-sore. Well it just wasn't my day, I had to hop on a bus to the hospital, received nine stitches on my stomach, and I got a HUGE hospital bill. So, like I said , it just wasn't my day!

HEATHER

BY

HEATHER HALE

Here I am not knowing where to start.
Eager I am at doing this.
Although my mind is blank,
Think, think, think.
How easy this should be to me,
Eventually it will come to me,
Ready I will be.

MAGIC

By

Baraa Al-Safi

A shadow in the sunlight,
A leaf upon a tree,
A spider in a silk web,
Wearing so intricately.
A rain drop in a storm cloud,
The plume upon a dove,
Chocolate in a Valentine,
Inscribed with silver "love".
A four-leaf clover in a clover path,
A black sky and a single star,
Within my heart and to my soul,
These are the things that you are.

Open Your Mind

By

Melissa Nowacki

My music is noise to you because you aren't hearing it!
My love is obscene because you aren't feeling it.
You aren't finding tenderness in her because you aren't looking for it.
You can find beauty in what seems ugly if you only search for it.
My fun might be your boredom.
My treasure, your trash.
My perfection, your mistake.
What you see is what you look for.
What you feel is only what you let yourself experience.
Don't let yourself be trapped in the darkness of ignorance and blindness.
Teach yourself to see.
Free your heart, open your mind.
Life is not an objective state of being.
It is a shaped way of thought.
Unshape your fears--turn them into understanding.
When you look at someone find who they are,
Not what they seem to be.
As soon as you love one another and see inside other people,
You will finally be able to discover yourself.

THE POWER

By

Ryan Schulte

***I felt the pulling power
of It.***

***He Is very powerful,
Though he Is not seen,
and cannot be felt,
He Is strong. He
can be evil or can be***

GOOD

He directs everyone's attitude,

I

know He Is there, where I

AM

I see everything though people do

NOT

***see him. Yeah, I've seen Him in mists
and stream***

Why Is it that

Evil lurks

***everywhere but no one
sees good?***

Is it because good

Is not wanted,

but

Evil Is? ! !

I do not write

this to anger you but

in thought of

What's wrong with this

WORLD???

RAINBOW QUEST

BY

LISA NEWELL

I am off to catch a rainbow.
And find its pot of gold.
I can't wait any longer,
I may already be too old.
Catch it forever my friends,
Over mountains and over plains,
I saw mine in the sky today
And I am off to stake my claim.



RETURN FROM NOWHERE

BY

HEATHER HALE

Off I went out further and further into the coal black darkness. I'm not dead, or am I? It's so peaceful, so calm. I'm scared, I see something, what is it, could it be the planet I'm headed for? It's so beautiful and so warm, it has this spiritual glow around it, it looks like angels holding hands.

Wait a minute, where is that light coming from? Maybe I have died, and this is the great white light that leads to those golden gates up in the sky,(known as heaven).

Oh, it doesn't matter what happens to me. I could be the only human left. I'm scared, I feel so alone. If only I had someone here with me, someone to talk to, someone to express my lost feelings to. I could cry, but I've forgotten how.

Maybe this is all a dream, but it couldn't be, if it were I wouldn't feel so lonely and lost.

Wait, I hear something, but I can't make out what or who it is. The noise is coming closer and closer. I hear, but I can't see. "Who is there?" Suddenly, I feel warmth upon my shoulder. "Honey, wake up, you're gonna be late for school." Relief suddenly overcame my whole body, for I knew that I had returned from nowhere.

Sincere Time

BY

Chaz Escudero

The passage of time
Is darkness,
Lit by points of light,
The stars which shine in the heavens,
Hug the oblivion of night.
A hearts kiss away,
From what love has to say,
The lake is so still with her breeze,
The frost chills the air,
Her sky nice and fair,
Her clouds so soft,
Laced with bliss,
Noon time approaches,
With midday's blithe,
Horizons forever,
From her left,
To her right,
She plays by the water,
Nature,
Her daughter,
She rides on the wings of a swan,
Waiting her turn;
Flies the fawn.



SUCCESS

BY

LISA NEWELL

Success is speaking words of praise
It's doing just the best you can
It's cheering other people's ways
With every task and every plan.

It's silence when your speech would hurt.
It's deafness when the scandal flows.
Politeness when your neighbors crouch,
And sympathy with others' woes,

It's patience when the hours are long
It's in the time of silent prayer.
It's found in laughter and in song.
In happiness and in despair.

In all of life and nothing less
We find the thing we call success.



TAKE A STEP

- by Dennis Mata

If it's the Lord's will for me to go
On this forsaken night,
I want all of you to know,
I trust the Lord with my life.

'Cause He has given what others cannot
to all of what you see.
You may be a threat but I fear you not,
Your life can be taken just as easily.

So when you make your choices take them slow,
Make sure that you choose well.
Only God knows the way you'll go,
So step into a whole new realm.



untitled

by

Ryan Schulte

Can we see through the
mask of uncertainty?
Or is it just a fear in
our way?
What is it about uncertainty
that we fear?
Why do we talk of tomorrow
as if it were yesterday?
I feel that uncertainty is just
another reason to live.
So...go find an excuse to
avoid uncertainty while
I will go head to head,
toe to toe with tomorrow!
I'll only be here....
In my heart and be my
own hero and legend.



Us

By

Rachel Gullar

*Watch them with their sickly-thin bodies.
Why do we accept this myth, so full of self-hate?
They smile dazzling smiles and toss beautiful tresses.
We must stop this before it's too late.*

*Society has an obsession with the way we appear.
Pictures in a magazine, image in the mirror, why do we care?*

*Why are they doing this to us? Or are we doing it to ourselves?
You must look, act, be this way, for fear of complete alienation.
Don't they realize that our differences are part of what make us special?
Something must be done to right our wronged self-perceptions.*

*Society has an obsession with the way we appear.
Pictures in a magazine, image in the mirror, why do we care?*

SINISTER



SCHEMES



Found Poem

BY

ROB SHATTING

I got up,
Grabbed my duffel bag and backpack,
Bulging with everything I own
And stepped out into the California zephyr

Somersaulting fat snowflakes
Glowing like jitterbugs
As I cross the triple row of tracks.

Mattresses stake out spots
And snowboards of every variety
Hang from the rafters.

Making first tracks on the cord
We watch our shadows zooming
As we pump pure death energy
Pushing our boards nose
Until it jibs on a fat rail.

Showing off through the immense noble firs
We lean into it with the cool of a banking albatross
Running quietly in a world
Where the only sky is green branches high above.



THIEF

BY

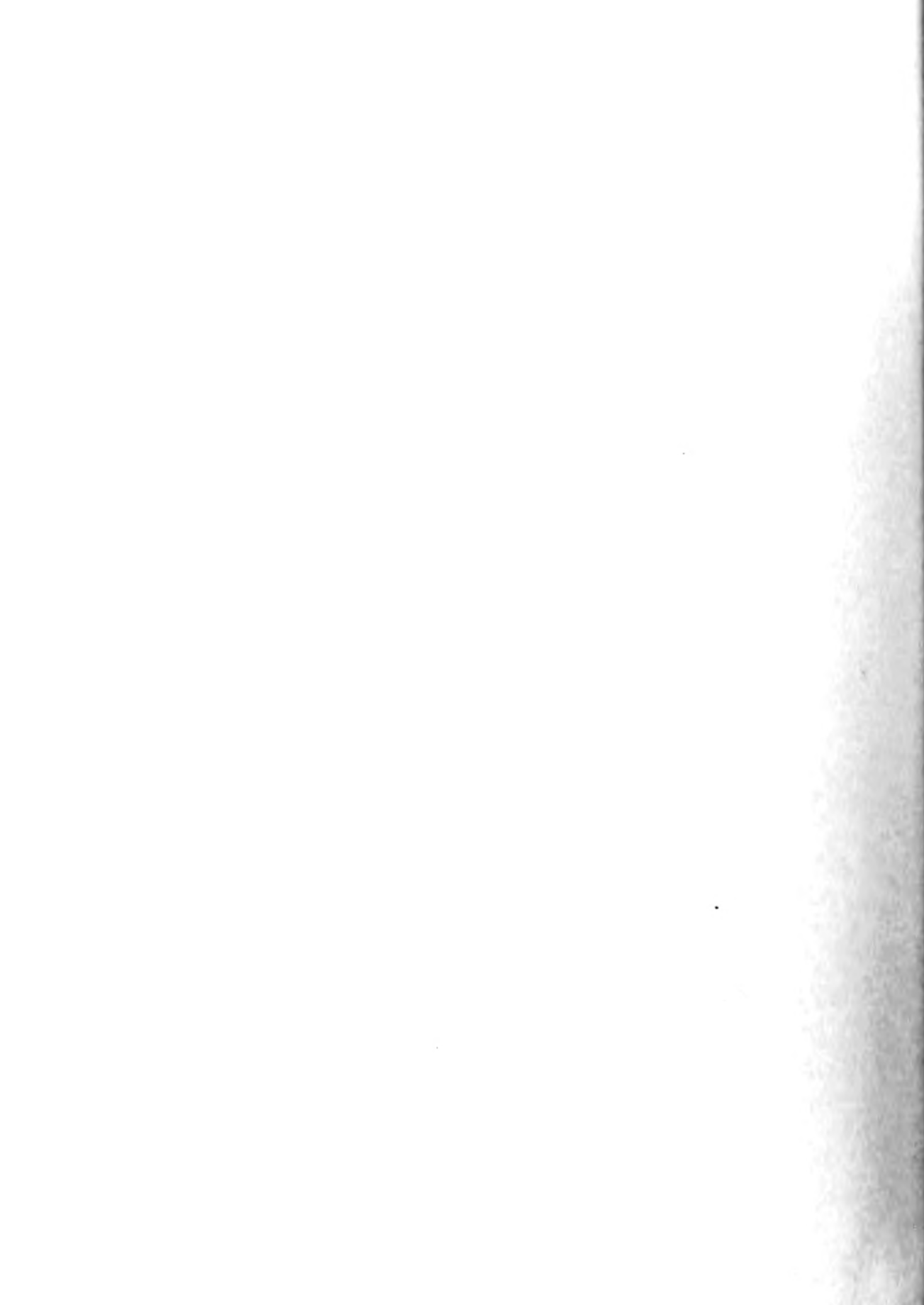
SEAN HIGGINS

It happened about mid day at the private track in the hills. I had set my bike up against a tree to go to the bathroom. When I returned, it was gone . Nobody in sight and not a noise made. So I thought to myself, it's a long ride into town, so there's probably a car close by.

I followed the bike tracks for about four miles until they descended into an old shack. I searched the shack and found nothing. I knew that the thief wore about a size eight shoe for it was the same as mine and they were Vans. I also knew that the dirt road leaving the shack led to only one place, town. Since our town was very small, I followed the tracks and reached town four hours later.

When I got there it was pushing six o' clock and if I didn't find my bike soon, it wasn't going to be found. I studied the tracks on the dirt road for quite some time before going on to the pavement.

I strolled into town and saw many trucks. I searched the trucks' tire patterns until one matched up. One problem, no bike and no person that wore a size eight pair of vans.

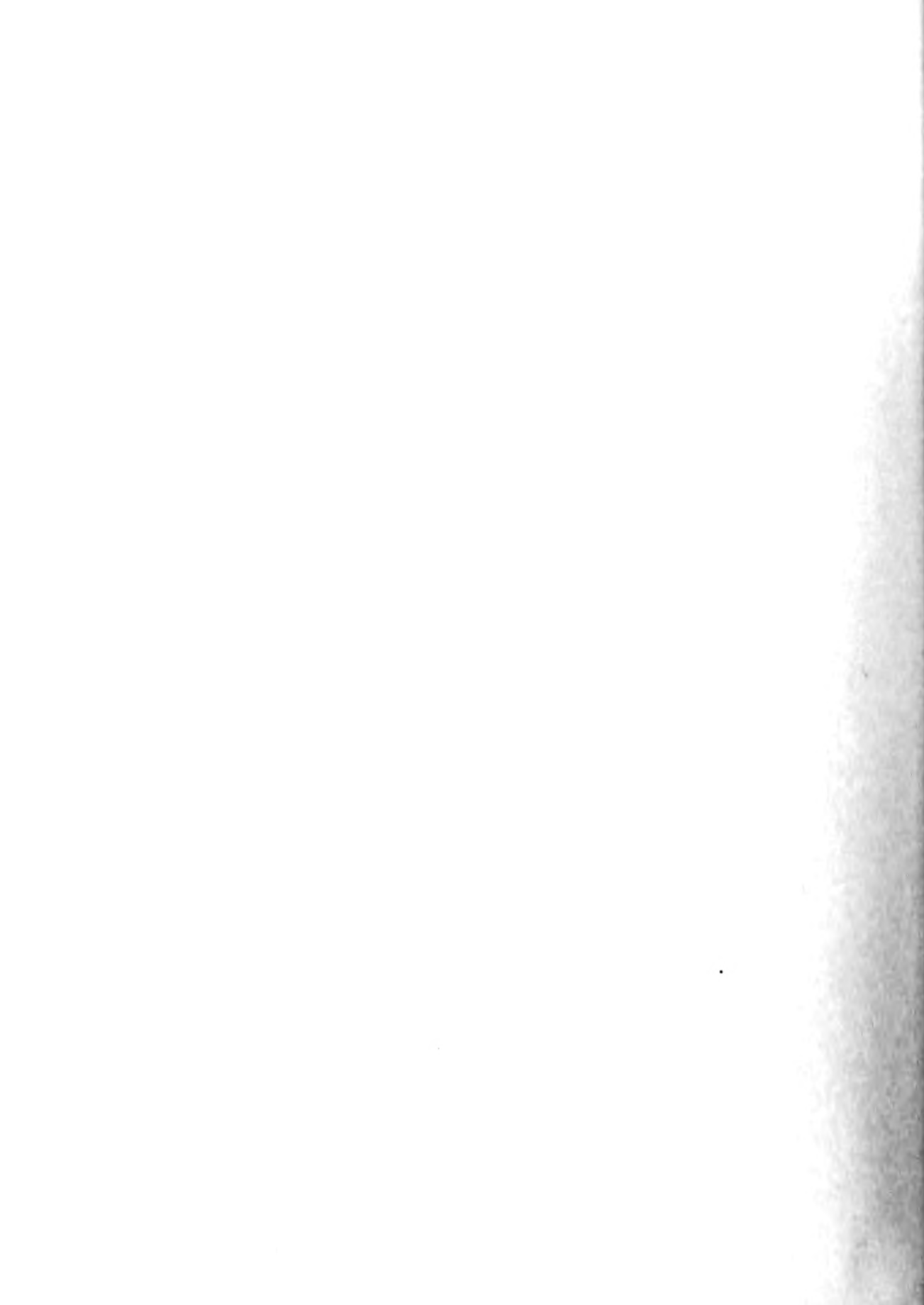


Just as I was ready to give up, I saw a peculiar person walking from one of the old barns out in the field. I ducked down and hid under a wagon near the suspect's truck.

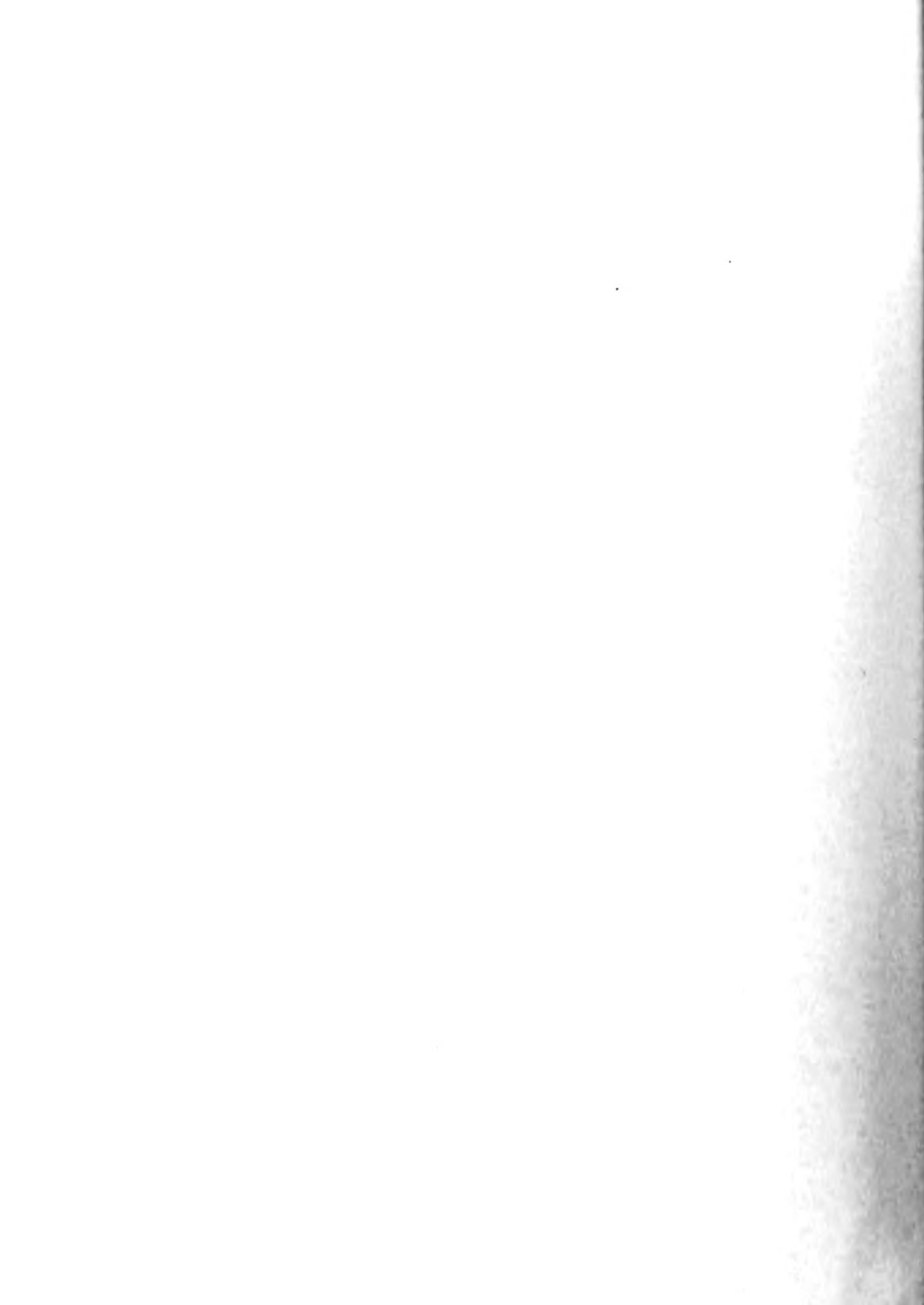
The man was wearing blue jeans with a Bum t-shirt and stood about five feet seven inches tall. He had short brown hair and wore the vans I was looking for. "Well", I said to myself, "now that I found the guy, what do I do with him.?"

I grabbed a good size stick out of the wagon I was beneath and approached the man from behind. Without saying a word , I struck the man in the knee caps and thrusted up with the stick to his face. As blood flew and the man dropped to the ground screaming in pain I said to myself, " I'll have no more problems with that punk anymore."

With the thief out cold and the bike still missing I hadn't solved anything. I stopped for a second and thought. I quickly ran to the barn where I saw the man emerge. At first I saw nothing, but the hay looked suspicious. So I dug through it and found my bike buried beneath it. I had a personal problem, and I personally took care of it.



suspicious. So I dug through it and found my bike buried beneath it. I had a personal problem, and I personally took care of it.



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